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Taxonomy

Sibelan E.S. Forrester

Swarthmore College, sforres1@swarthmore.edu

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That sensation of being with you: just like
being in a waterfall, imagine, I slide
over the edge or dive (or die?), all
the magnets of gravity, all the granites
on which liquid crashes and lifts again
in rainbow vapors. I plummet faster
and faster, until the splash of reaching
you, and each time I discover anew
that you are as deep as you are high.

1

There's one just like a splash, a slap
of sensation so sudden it's suddenly numb
- a gasp -
and I rest at the center of the universe
while feeling returns with aches and tingles.

2

Or another, less precipitous: it's as if
a water bird lands on a lake: blue mirror
of the sky for just that moment of contact,
slight touch, touch, touch (I already suspect
what happens next), then settling into
the water slightly sideways, slower, swirly,
and that ease of wings released, that joy
of relaxation into buoyant current.

3

One, like milk boiling over, seems so gradual
until the surface lifts and it's everywhere.
If you could see the aftermath in the nerves
you'd know: this is a messy one, this is
marshmallow all over the top of the stove.

4

But then there's the one most defined:
out of some motion you've devised
a precise deep slice of pleasure, sweetness
irresistible as a blade's edge, darling,
blazes all up its lightning line. It's then
that I feel you leave your mark on me,
that I wear your name in my skies.

5

And finally a slight resonant expansion,
a musical buzz, tight breath and racing heart,
as the edges blur and then evaporate, leaving
that space that had opened to contain, to frame.
My heart grows a size and longs
for that incredible overfull variety.